



THE KEYSTONE 1899

LOUISA B. POPPENHEIM,
Proprietor and Manager.

MARY B. POPPENHEIM,
Editor.

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TO WOMAN'S WORK.

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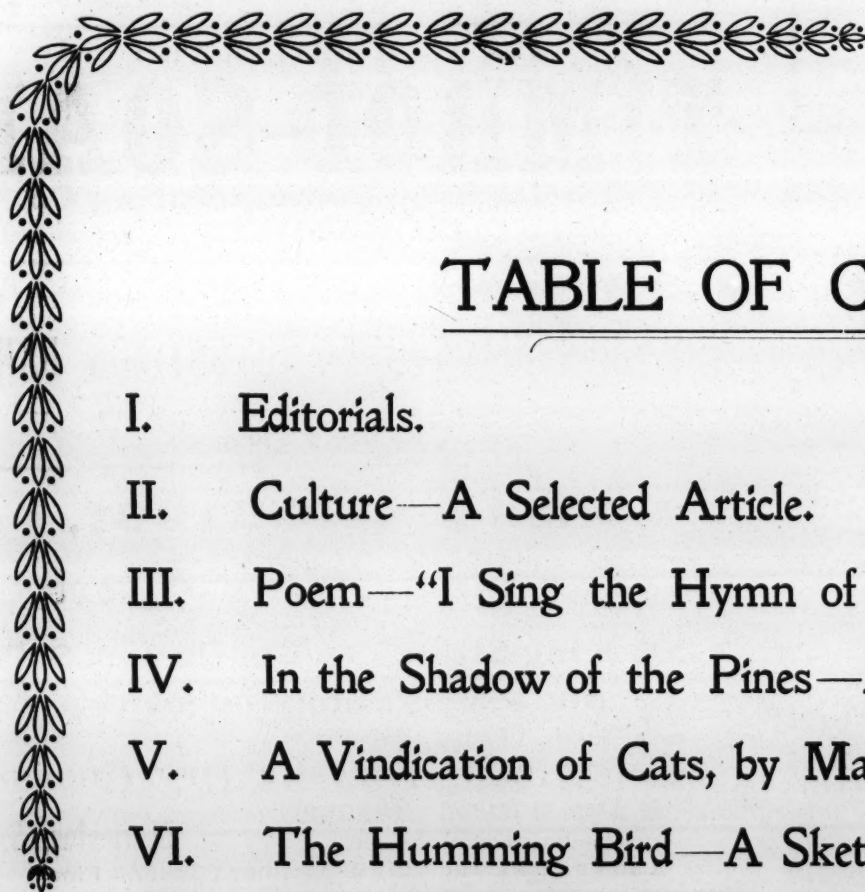


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AUGUST.

The Guardian Angel.....Hamatiel.
His Talismanic Gem.....The Diamond.
The Special Apostle.....James the Son of Alphaeus.
The Flower.....Poppy.

Editorial.

WITH the summer days come plans for vacations and summer outings. To those women who have conscientiously applied themselves all winter to the duties they have in hand there is no doubt but that a season of rest and change is not only desirable, but really necessary. May we not offer a bit of advice to these women hoping thereby to add to the beneficial results of any summer vacation which they may allow themselves? Try to impress upon yourselves the fact that it is rest and recuperation which you are seeking and so make a business of resting. Put aside all care and worry and have intermittent attacks of doing nothing, saying nothing, thinking nothing, in fact just be a cipher. It may be a unique experience, but it is worth while trying, and possibly the returns in nerve force and general poise will repay you so well that you will appreciate the value of a cipher in any calculations that you may be making for future usefulness.

WHO does not appreciate the value of a shade tree on a sultry August day? From man's first creation, trees and a garden have played a most important part in the drama of the human race. Do with him as you please man's heart naturally turns toward a garden and its trees, and every son of Adam has a dream of his Eden with its shrubs and its trees somewhere to rest in. How many secrets are told and how many vows have been made under the sheltering branches of a tree; the oak and the cypress, the mimosa and the laurel, the crepe myrtle and the willow each has its devotees with memories sad or sweet as life's thread has run. How many historic events have taken place under the shade of a tree; charters have been given and received, land purchases consummated, commands of armies accepted and surrendered; amidst the branches refugees have hidden and into the body of the tree many a manuscript has been concealed. All literature is filled with illusions to the joy and peace that come from the tree, its shade, its blossoms and its fruit; from the Bible, old Horace, and Shakespeare down to Morris, the author of "Woodman, Spare that Tree," we find the association of man and tree a close and strong one. In the summer time we rest under their shade; in the winter we gather around the hearth stone to enjoy their light and heat. These thoughts must fill us with love for these splendid gifts of nature so full of sentiment and refreshment.

WHEN a State Federation takes up the work of establishing a system of Travelling Libraries, it may now reasonably hope that some time in the near future the State will assume the charge and support of the system, leaving the Club-women free to turn their attention to less well developed plans for civic betterment.

Recently the Club-women of Colorado have been called upon to rejoice over the passage of a bill in their Legislature creating a State Travelling Library Commission, with an appropriation of \$1,000 per annum for its maintenance.

Four years ago, the State Federation started its Travelling Library system with one box of books, to day these women have in books, boxes and photographs, property amounting to \$4,000.

The bill referred to provides that the Commission shall be composed of women, and that all members shall serve without compensation. The Travelling Library property of the State Federation has been turned over to this Commission. There are many States who are supporting and conducting a Travelling Library Commission; the most advanced and progressive of these States being Wisconsin, with an almost perfected State system of Travelling Libraries.

THERE is no season of the year that affords the student of human nature a better opportunity for the observation of the manners of the average person than the long summer days, either at home or abroad. The tendency of people to move about, to leave home and to congregate in hotels and summer resorts gives one many chances to show the character of this breeding. What traveller is there who does not come face to face with the human animal who occupies four seats in a railroad car while other people are looking vainly about for one seat. Who of us has not been made the victim of some one's self absorption, selfishness or unpunctuality during our summer vacation? Evidently there are many people who do not know the old adage "punctuality is the politeness of princes." Sooner or later we all discover that bad manners are the result of a lack of culture of both the head and the heart. Cultivate self-knowledge and you will rid yourself of self-consciousness, the twin evil with selfishness in the production of bad manners. Accustom yourselves to the courtesies of intercourse with many men of many minds; recognize the rights of others, consider their comfort and pleasure, and soon you will develop that superiority of character, that real refinement, and that perfect dignity which is the hall mark of good breeding.

This mysterious something known as good breeding comes, however, from constant practice, years of training and thoughtful self-repression; to some it may seem a matter of instinct, but in reality it is a treasure of character which comes from a clear head and a tender sympathetic heart.

THE visiting nurse is proving a most successful charity in Charleston, S. C. Under the patronage of the Ladies' Benevolent Society much practical relief is being rendered to the needy sick in the city. At the semi-annual meeting of the Society, held in June, the reports of contributions made to this worthy charity were most encouraging, and the work accomplished by the Society's nurse proved the need of such a benefaction. The Society feel encouraged in its efforts and is pushing the work with energy and perseverance.

SEARCHING in America for Napoleonic relics seems strange at first glance, but when we learn that the French Government has sent three commissioners to Mississippi to look into the matter of purchasing some rare paintings, tapestry and silver now at Malmaison, the ante-bellum home of Greenwood Leflore, a celebrated Indian chief, about nine miles from Greenwood, Miss., we become interested. These relics were bought from Malmaison during the reign of Charles X. by Greenwood Leflore. The descendants of the Leflores are still in comfortable circumstances, and there are many doubts as to the success of the commissioners in securing the celebrated relics they are seeking.

NO charity accomplishes more good during the summer months than the plants for sterilizing milk that are supported by Nathan Strauss of New York. Word now comes that Mr. Strauss has presented a plant to Chicago, with the proviso that the city would guarantee its maintenance.

There are possibilities that Mr. Strauss may make a similar gift to the City of Philadelphia. While considering the arrangements for public health it is interesting to note that the Philadelphia Hospital is about to open a roof garden for consumptives. The hospital roof, 26 by 150 feet, is to be covered with a canvas roof, with side-flaps, and fitted up with beds. It is expected that flowers and shrubs will be raised on the roof, and an attractive spot made for patients.

CHARTRAN, the celebrated French painter, has recently finished a full length portrait of Secretary Shaw in eleven hours. Three sittings were required and although no measurements were taken the portrait is the exact size of the original.

SOUTH CAROLINA FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

"Animis opibusque parati."

This Department is official, and will be continued monthly.
Official news and calls of Federation Committees printed here.

List of Officers.

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I have had the pleasure of a six weeks' trip to the Pacific Coast, so I must ask the forgiveness of those friends of the library work who have had answers to their letters delayed. If any letters remain unanswered now they have some how missed me, so please write again, as I am ready now to take up the work in earnest.

I have just received through Mrs. J. S. Booth, corresponding secretary of the Palmetto Club of Chester, a library of one hundred books. These will be ready for the field this week.

The Huguenot Benevolent Society, of Charleston, has another library ready for the work. As soon as these books can be labelled and entered in the Accession book they also will be ready for the field.

I hope this will prove a very successful year in the library work.

M. P. GRIDLEY,
Chairman for Library Department.

The Teacups Club of Rock Hill.

(Published by request.)

The Teacups Club of Rock Hill town,
A Club of more or less renown,
Began its life in ninety-eight,
With members few but spirit great.
Five years we've labored here together,
It matters not if dark the weather,
Till now we number full a score,
And sometimes wish that there were more.
At our election in December
The officers were, as we remember,
Those who'll try to do their best
And hope that they may stand the test.
Your humble servant is the Dictator
Ruthless of glories that may await her,
She strives with willing hand and heart
To do right here her humble part.
Our Counsellor is Mrs. Ed. Fewell
Than whom we'll find no rarer jewel,
Mrs. Kinard our able Critic is
On all things tells us "just how 'tis."
Mrs. D. B. Johnson is our Scribe
And Treasurer too, without a bribe;
Miss Scotia Reid keeps us in touch
With outside things, or small or much.
On Tuesdays, three whole weeks apart
We each one from her home doth start,
And to the meeting place she goes,
Resolved to tell us all she knows.
Our work this year is reassuring
To busy housewives most alluring,
The Bay View Course is our selection
And for our needs, 'tis near perfection.
We're studying now "Our Ain Countrie,"
Its Literature, Art and History,
And tho' three books we should peruse,
The Magazine we mostly use.
Our programs are much diversified,
While calling for reading and research wide,
The work we make a burden to none,
Yet there's plenty to do for every one.
We answer Roll Call with some notation
Of fact, or sketch, or apt quotation,
Three minute talks, or papers are read,
On specified subjects, some living, some dead.
And last we have our Question Box,
This, tho' it gives our wits hard knocks,
We find instructive and amusing,
And trust our answers worth perusing.

Thus far we've racked our fertile brains,
And sparing neither time nor pains
Tho' "John" may scoff and oftentimes cackle
No theme's too hard for us to tackle.
First came "The Early Colonies"
From stormy Maine to Georgia skies,
"The Modes and Customs of the Times,"
Compared with those of other climes.
"Colonial Wars" in every State,
Down to the "Revolution" great,
The "Noble Women of that Day,"
Whose sweet traits are our legacy.
Of character sketches not a few—
Smith, Edwards, West and Copley too,
Ben Franklin, the Man and Statesman great,
And our loved Irving of later date.
Refreshments light we always serve,
But never from our custom swerve
To have one course, and that most simple,
This makes our hostess' face to dimple.
We've had a year most pleasant to all,
And when in the Fall we answer roll call,
'Twill be with a feeling of "something done,"
"Something accomplished" by every one.

Respectfully submitted,

F. N. WORKMAN, Dictator.

Daughters of the Confederacy.

TEXAS Daughters are rejoicing over the possession of a room in the Capitol for the safe-keeping of relics donated their Division.

The program for the Literary Evening at the Texas State Convention U. D. C. is out. The contest closes August 1st, 1903. It will be interesting to South Carolina Daughters to note that they have one month more to prepare their papers, as the South Carolina contest closes September 1st.

THE central committee of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association have a set of three plates, representing the three branches of the Confederate Army. These plates are executed in the best style of colored work, from designs in water color, by Mr. William L. Sheppard.

The Cavalryman is about to saddle his horse.

The Infantryman is equipped with rolled blanket over his shoulder, belt, bayonet, canteen, etc. He has stopped for a moment at the camp-fire to light his pipe, and supports his rifle in the hollow of his elbow in order to have both hands free.

The Artilleryman is an officer. He stands on the slight slope of a breastwork and signals to the gunners to reserve their fire until he can observe the enemy with his field-glass.

The figures are of the light-haired and dark-haired types—two of them. The Artilleryman's hair is iron-gray, as there were numbers of middle-aged men in the Confederate service who should not go unrepresented in this series. The period to which the figures belong is the campaign of 1863.

These pictures are sold for the benefit of the Jefferson Davis Monument. We have no agents; the work is done by the Chapters. It is hoped that every Camp will at least buy one set, as it is necessary that the younger people of the South should know the uniform of their fathers, and not the grotesque figure of a Confederate soldier in a long frock-coat.

The price is \$1.50 for the set, or 75 cents single copy. The size is 10½ inches by 17 inches, mounted upon board 15 inches by 20 inches, ready for framing. Orders to be sent to Mrs. Wm. Robt. Vawter, Chairman of Picture Committee.

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Poem.

[The following was sent "The Keystone" by Maj. R. E. Wilson, 1st N. C. Battalion Sharpshooters, U. S. A., of Winston, N. C.]

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the battle of life—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame—
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower in its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes
away,
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at
the dying of day,
With the work of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone.
With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith
overthrown.
While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its pæan for those who
have won—
While the trumpet is sounding in triumph and high to the breeze and
the sun
Gay banners are waving, hands clapping and hurrying feet
Thronging after laurel-crowned victors—I stand on the field of defeat
In the shadow, 'mongst those who have fallen, and wounded and dying—
and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe
a prayer,
Hold the hand that is hapless, and whisper, "They only the victory win,
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that
tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds
on high!
Who have dared for a cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be, to die—"
Speak history! who are life's victors? unroll thy long annals and say—
Are they those whom the world called the victors who won the success
of the day?
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylae's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?

Culture.

[From an Address Delivered Before the Self-Educational Club of Chicago.]

CULTURE, I take it, is not the knowing of a certain set of facts, or the having read certain books which somebody has prescribed, but is simply the opposite of vulgarity and brutality.

Any man who is indifferent to culture is vulgar; any man who is fighting vulgarity and brutality is a true soldier in the army of education.

* * *

Culture is not barred to anybody in America, whether he be a college student or a post-graduate or not.

* * *

The thing which I find, in dealing with very large numbers of young Americans, needs to be more strongly emphasized now than ever before is that culture does not come easily. It is a climb. Getting away from our ancestors—the ape and the tiger—is a sort of "breaking home ties," which calls for—as it has called for in every step of man's upward struggle—a hard tug and pull before the ties snap.

This climbing brings us to some distinct gains over that natural condition in which we otherwise find ourselves, and the following seem clearly to be among their number.

* * *

Intellectual Training.—A cultured man has disciplined himself by trained, systematic thinking, and he acquires more and more the power to think closely and correctly. It is hard thinking upon great questions which engraves the lines of refinement and humanity upon the face of a cultured man, and which redeems the expression of his countenance from brutality and vulgarity.

* * *

Self-Restraint and the Absence of Display.—If there is one crowning mark of vulgarity it is the wish to flaunt in the eyes of one's neighbors the fact of superiority in anything. The easiest and most offensive form is that of money.

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Fineness and Delicacy.—The lower animals do not draw very fine distinctions; civilized men measure things by millimeters. A savage who is building a hut gets two poles which seem about the same length, and a difference of a foot or two doesn't matter; a man who builds a locomotive or a safe door or a type-writer or a chainless bicycle must have fittings that will not vary by the hundredth of an inch. An essential condition of culture is unremitting care for a host of trifles, all of which unite to make the perfect whole. Without accuracy and punctuality no civilization.

* * *

If there is any one thing which shows an educated man it is that he knows the enormous, fateful, all-significant difference between a thing which is right and a thing which is almost right; that he approaches the great truth that the difference between 99 and 100 is not 1, but infinity.

* * *

Strength.—The truly developed man is one who has sufficient well-trained force to put his convictions into operation, who cannot be scared away from the position he has taken.

* * *

The Sense of Reverence.—Knowing what a finished product is and what it has cost to make it; a civilized man handles it respectfully and with good care not to damage or break it. He knows that a thing which it has taken infinite pains of countless generations of wise men to perform can be destroyed in one day by any fool.

* * *

And finally:

The Spirit of Public Service.—The highest product of all that man can try to make himself, is the realization that the main excuse for our living at all is to stand by our fellowmen. —Exchange.

A Betrothal Prayer.

PLEDGING his life and love, he humbly begged;
 "Fair bride, O let your constant prayer be,
 With downcast eyes and lowly bended head,
 Lord, daily make him worthier of me!"

Each day she cast her eyes upon the ground,
 And prayed, with bended head. The shadows dim
 Grew solemn with the prayer of her heart;
 "Lord, daily make me worthier of him!"

ALOYSIUS COLL in *Good Housekeeping*.

In the Shadow of the Pines.

[By A. L. S., Charleston, S. C.]

Begun in April "Keystone."

The better part of love, its manliness conquered, and Chestnut found himself steadying his voice and speaking gently. "Thrace, will you listen to me? I know that I am a brute and utterly unworthy to do you even such slight service; I do not wonder that you scorned me—and yet it hurt me very much when you wanted to ride Baldus home."

"I did not mean to hurt you," she answered steadily. "Indeed I would rather not hurt you, would not if I could help it—won't you believe it?" the martyr in her had vowed itself to self-sacrifice, but the woman in her pleaded against the injustice of his opinion.

"I would like to believe it, it is more than generous of you; but in the light of all that has recently occurred, I find it very hard. Can you forget last night, and forgive me?"

"Why should I not forgive you?" she answered simply.

"Because," vehemently, "I do not deserve it. Because I can never forgive myself. I have shamed my manhood—only I loved you, and the thought of giving you up maddened me, I think. Thrace," he said presently, with some hesitation, "may I ask you something, something I have no right to ask?"

"Yes, I will answer if I can."

"Is it, is it Marston," he hesitated, and the kindly darkness hid his crimson face. "Is it Marston who has made you care for me no longer?" He was morally certain it was not, but the unexorcised demon of jealousy impelled him. "You know you have a right to care for whom you please, and I know that I asked for too much when I asked for your love, but I loved you, and I would have tried so hard to make you happy. Of course, if you would be happier with Marston, I would not wish for a moment to come between you—I want you to have all that you want, my happiness is as nothing compared with yours."

"Oh, Frank!" she cried passionately and resentfully, angry tears, the first he had ever seen her shed, shining in her eyes, "I have not deserved this of you, indeed I have not."

"I was a brute to ask you," he pleaded contritely, "I knew I had no right, will you please forget all about it; I am not quite myself to-day, it is this sultry weather, it uses a man up so," he added.

She raised her eyes, tear-wet and angry still, and gazed at him with a growing perplexity. "Oh, it is not that; it is that you should think so meanly of me. What I did I did to deceive the little gossiping world of Pineridge. I thought that you would understand, when one loves it seems easier to understand."

"I love you Thrace, and yet I do not understand you. Will you tell me what it all means?"

They had left the gruesome swamp behind them, through it Chestnut had driven rapidly, now that they had entered the pines he slackened reins; the air was cooler, and clean and pure, sweet too with the wholesome breath of the pines. Some neglected forest fire had broken out and was burning red and bright among the undergrowth; here and there a lightwood knot, high up in some dead pine, bore aloft a flaming torch of cloven tongues that illumined weirdly the occasional tall oaks with their ghostly waving festoons of moss. The scene was eerie and unreal in the extreme. The shadows beckoned like bands of gnomes, and danced about their crimson watch-fires, while the grey moss above waved in and out like spectral spirits of the air.

As to poor perplexed and troubled Thrace, she had gone to a grievous warfare at her own cost, and the struggle was growing too great for her strength. To all characters comes at least one crucial moment, the moment of vast import when angels and demons strive for a soul. She had given all that she had of happiness, courage and unselfishness, her treasure was almost spent, and still the enemy's forces came out in single combat to do her battle. All the worth of character that had been years in forming would be summed up and proven in one brief second. She recognized the vast responsibility of the moment, yet love, insidious love, the voice hardest of all to silence in a woman's heart, argued a thousand reasons for self, with the guilelessness too, and seeming integrity of an angel of light. Evil is not hideous to us when we choose it, it comes cleverly tucked and beautifully clothed in the semblance of truth. Thrace was keenly and painfully alive to all that the sacrifice meant for her, on the other hand self was absolving self from a fault not its own—the present only was hers, with the past and future she had no voice. Once she had denied self bravely and honestly, but she was fast feeling incapable of resistance, this man's love was too strong for her, would bear her away whether or no.

"Well?" he asked, and with the strange inconsistency of a woman the very voice she loved and dreaded to lose recalled her strength.

"Oh, I cannot, cannot," she moaned piteously, "it would be selfish of me."

"Thrace," he spoke heavily, his progress had not been encouraging thus far, but he still clung desperately to that one forlorn hope. "You have given me up without telling me one reason why. All last night I tortured myself trying to find some reason, but I could find none, save my own unworthiness, and that you have known all along. Then, too, I could not forget, I love you so, that you would not tell me last night that you did not love me. A man has strange fancies sometimes, and I think it would help me to go away, as I should, and cease to trouble you if I could hear you say it. Will you do me this last kindness and help me to go in peace tomorrow?"

"I cannot, I dare not," she whispered; "you love me, and yet you are making it so hard for me to do right."

Chestnut's heart gave a great bound. "It is just as I thought and hoped, she is laboring under some strange delusion, and thanks to Dr. Hilary's good heart and long tongue I think I have the secret of it all. Poor little thing what a hard fight she has had, how she has suffered, and how tender I must be with her." "Thrace," he questioned gently, "was it right for you to love me when you told me so?"

"I thought so," she answered sadly.

"Why isn't it right then for you to love me now?"

"I cannot tell you," steadily; "Truly I cannot, I have no right."

"Poor little girl; how you have suffered nursing your horrid secret, why did you not tell me about it, could you not trust me that much?" he asked compassionately.

Thrace started violently, her breath came thick and fast—"Do you know?" she asked huskily.

"Yes, I know what you think you know, and you have suffered uselessly."

"How can you say that if you know? Frank, it would have been criminal in me; I could never have looked you honestly in the eyes again, and as much as I loved you Frank, I would rather have been unhappy and not ashamed to meet your eyes than to have gone on letting you love me, while I deceived you."

"Was it, was it on account of your mother, Thrace, you thought her?"

"She was," she answered quickly, she could not bear to hear that word from his lips even, the sacred memory of her mother made her shrink. I know it all beyond a doubt; they were cruel, though they meant to be kind; they kept it from me, but fate was juster than they, and in the old secretary in the garret I found the official notice of her death in that dreadful place. It was terrible, I thought that I would die there and then, it would have been better, but I could not," hopelessly. "I knew you were so kind, so generous, that you loved me and would dare all for my sake, so I would not tell you. Oh, Frank,

heredity is a terrible curse; it is so hard to suffer for what we cannot help, and yet we must if we are true to those we love. They say God is always good, and I have tried to believe him so, but, oh, why does he bind us by such cruel laws?" she cried despairingly, and the young voice, usually so sweet and calm, seemed to voice the misery and bitterness of the world.

"Thrace," spoke Chestnut tenderly, taking fast both of her hands in his, while Dixie had his own sweet will with the reins, "It is all a mistake, a strange, horrible mistake. It was not your mother about whom that letter was written, but an old servant of the same name. Dr. Hilary told me all about it last night, little knowing the horrible mystery he was clearing up."

Thrace could not answer; the sudden transition from grief to joy seemed to stop her heart-beat, she only gazed at him with wide, wonder-struck eyes.

"You believe me, Thrace?"

"Yes, I believe you, but I cannot understand."

In a few words he related the story as told to him by Dr. Hilary. As he spoke, into her beautiful face dawned a great gladness.

"I am so glad for her sake, my mother's, as well as ours," she said when he had finished.

"And I am glad, even at such cost, to have proved you so brave and honest. But what tortures you have endured. Speak of weak women, I tell you, like Sir Galahad, they have the strength of ten." I cannot understand you!"

"It was hardest of all to make you suffer and make you think hard thoughts of me, when my heart was aching so."

"It was only when I saw you give Marston the rose from your hair that I began to doubt you—how I hated him!" hotly, "And did you think you could have hidden your secret from me forever? and did you think that anything could have come between us, that I would have stood back for that? Thrace, if you thought so, I do not believe that you know what love is?"

She looked at him, gravely, tenderly, yet with a shadow of surprise in her soft, deep eyes. "It is because I know what love is that I would not risk, even for my own happiness, the remotest chance of bringing harm upon you. I loved you better than myself," she spoke simply.

For answer, he held the two trembling hands close against his breast—around them the red flames kissed the tender herb-age; the shadowy gnomes and spirit forms kept time to the glad measure of some mysteriously voiced epithalamium; and above their heads the solemn pines, with arms outspread, spoke the benediction.

From the lonely grave by the river's brim, the souls of the broken lilies went up to blossom as immortelles by the waters of Paradise.

[THE END.]

THE readers of "The Keystone" will notice in this issue a one-quarter page advertisement of Basham's Musical Agency, of Louisville, Ky., which is, as they claim, the only exclusive institution of its kind in the South. The staff consists of about twenty strong attractions, the names of which are well known, and are favorites with women's Club Organizations. Among them being Sol Marcossan, Max Heinrich, Alfred D. Shaw, Karl Schmidt, Miss Bertelle, Mrs. Dobbs, and others. The South has been in need of such an institution for a number of years, and it is to be hoped that this agency will succeed and continue to offer such creditable attractions. We understand that last season was a most profitable one, and we see no reason why the approaching season will not be even greater.

\$100 REWARD, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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A Vindication of Cats.

[Written for the Century Club of Charleston, S. C., and Dedicated to My Beloved Companions Lily, Gypsy and Toots.]

"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you been?"

I've been to London to see the Queen.

Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, what did you there?"

I caught a little mouse under the Queen's chair."

THIS nursery rhyme, so dear to childish hearts, is said to have been written during Queen Anne's reign, and so probably refers to her, but cats have been mentioned in history, song and story for many ages. We find them in the earliest Sanscrit; they are carved on ancient monuments in Egypt, where are also their mummified remains. The story goes that cats were not known before the Deluge, but while the Ark was floating about the rats and mice got so troublesome that poor old Noah was at his wits end, and in seeking a remedy he passed his hand three times over the lioness' head when lo! and behold! she sneezed forth a cat! Old pictures of the animals coming out of the Ark show pussy with tail erect walking ahead of everybody as if she owned the earth. Kipling has given us a delightful story of the first cat, which is too long to quote here in full, but in it the cat says that he will only stay with mankind as his friend on condition that he can come and go as, and when he pleases, a trait that cats certainly possess even to this day.

Egypt was the cat's paradise, however, for the cat was sacred to Isis and was worshiped under the name Pasht; the word cat is man in Egyptian, and one of my Chinese scholars told me that they called cats men in China, so the names are rather alike, derived, no doubt, from the cry of the cat.

The sacred cats were kept in the temples. When even the smallest kitten died there was great mourning among the priests as for a god. Every year a gay festival was held at the Temple of Bubastis, where pilgrims flocked from all quarters, many of them bringing mummies of their pet cats to be buried near the temple, or else they brought large and handsome live cats as offerings. A curious custom, which has survived even to recent years, was the practice of the Egyptian Moslems of sending cats from Cairo to Mecca once a year. One camel was set apart for the "Mother of Cats," whose business it was to look after the pussies while the caravan was in motion. In India, also, the house cat was known from an early date. In many of the Indian fables she is a prominent character, always represented as a great hypocrite, full of guile and of a wily tongue. We have not so good accounts of her in Greece and Rome. Homer does not mention cats at all; we only hear of her being brought as a pretty toy from Egypt a few years before the Christian Era. The story goes that there was a mountain in Numidia where a colony of cats lived. Some adventurous Greek hunters stumbled upon it during an expedition and brought some of the cats away with them, but they do not seem to have been much appreciated, as the only Greek poems about cats are not in their praise.

In Rome pussy fared little better; they speak only of her as being useful to free the barns from mice, an opinion held by many even in this day. Some mosaics, with cats on them, have been found in Pompeii, showing that there she was a pet, but the Romans are well known for their cruelty, and some very unpleasant stories have come down to us, which I will not retail here. In England and Europe cats were well known from the earliest days. They were the only animals the nuns were allowed to keep. A quaint old canon, enacted in 1205, says: "Ye, my dear sisters, shall have no beasts but a cat." The nuns were also forbidden to wear any skins except those of lambs and cats. In the early days cats were very scarce and highly prized. It is said that the Crusaders brought the first long-haired pussies to England; some say the Phœnicians brought them even earlier. An ancient statute, ascribed to Howel the Good, a Welsh Prince, who lived in 948, fixed the price of cats as follows: A penny for a kitten before its eyes were open, two-pence until it had caught its first mouse, and four-pence when full grown. There was also a severe penalty for stealing a cat. If anyone stole a cat from a granary he had to return as much corn as would cover a cat from the end of its nose to the tip of its tail, the cat being held up by the tail—rather hard on the cat.

For some unknown reason pussy got a bad name about this time for having dealings with witches and evil spirits, black cats being especially devoted to the Prince of Darkness. For centuries poor pussy was under a ban, and the legends are endless of cats and witches. The names, Grimalkin and Rutterkin, usually given to witches' cats, were at first intended for the spirits, whose familiars the cats were, but afterwards were applied only to the cats. Many strange tales, wild and improbable as they seem to us now, are gravely written down in old church records and were firmly believed. I will pass over the terrible persecutions that cats endured during the middle ages; many of them are too harrowing to repeat; a brighter time was coming for them when they were once more to take their places as loved and honored household pets.

It was in France, at the time of the Renaissance, that cats were once more prized. In all the houses built during that period we find "chatières," little openings in the doors, for the cats to go out and in at will. Many of the great men of the period—Joachins des Bellay, Montague, Richelieu and Mazarin—were passionately fond of cats. The literature of the day is filled with poems and essays in praise of cats; the great artists, too, filled their canvases with the pretty, graceful creatures. In Spain, Lopez Felix de Vega Carpio wrote a poem of more than two thousand eight hundred lines, called "La Gatomaquia," the cats war. It tells of

"The love, the strife,
The events of life,
Of two brave cats, well worthy fame."

They were "the fair Zapaquilda" and "Marramaquis."

"Adonis, he of cats; above
All other cats in grace and love."

A prose translation in English of this poem appeared in the *Westminster Review* of 1843 and was much appreciated. Shakespeare evidently did not care for cats; his allusions to them are not complimentary, but Herrick has several poems in praise of pussy. In one he says:

"A cat,
I keep, that plays about my house
Grown fat
With eating many a miching mouse."

Prior, Cowper, Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold all wrote about cats, and everyone knows Gray's verses on Horace Walpole's cat, Selima, who was drowned in a goldfish's tank, Steele was also fond of cats, while Dr. Johnson was the willing slave of his big cat Hodge, for whom he used to go out and buy oysters. Sir Walter Scott's cat, Hinse, is also a familiar character. He kept the dogs in order, but after fifteen years of autocratic authority was killed by Nimrod, a new dog, and was much beloved by Sir Walter. Time is too short for me to mention any more historic cats. Anyone interested in the subject will find them all in Miss Repplier's "Fireside Sphinx," which is a charming book for cat-lovers. The different varieties of cats are not well known in the South, for the long-haired Persians and Angoras are expensive and rather delicate. We all know the Maltese, or blue cats, as they are sometimes called. The tailless Manx are not as common. I only know of two in this city. The black Abyssinian cat, with yellow eyes, is quite rare in this country and demands a high price. Then there is another rare cat, the Siamese, which is said to make a charming pet. One variety has no tail; these are known as "Palace Cats," and belong to the Royal family. These cats are very nervous and delicate and do not bear transportation very well. I have not been able to find out when cats were brought to America, but they probably came over with the first settlers. There is a striped cat, with a bushy tail, known as the "Coon Cat" or "Maine Cat." They are said to be bad-tempered and tricky, and are the descendants of some Angora cats belonging to some sailors. I believe their vessel was wrecked on the coast of Maine. The cats took to the woods where they soon became wild and mated with the lynx, it is thought, as their ears are tufted. These cats are often sold as genuine Angoras.

In England the raising of fine pedigreed cats for sale has been a well-established industry for many years. They have

bench shows exclusively for cats every year in many of the large cities, and now it has been taken up in this country. Most of the catteries are owned by women, in the "Cat Journal," (which can be had at the library,) are very full accounts of these catteries and pictures of the handsome, long-haired pussies belonging to them. A pleasanter and more lucrative occupation could hardly be found for women than the raising of fine cats for the market. It requires very little capital for the profits are so enormous that the outlay of a few hundred dollars at the start is soon recovered. It may surprise some of my hearers to learn that a fine pedigreed cat sells for \$75 to \$150, while small kittens bring from \$15 to \$25 easily. If time permitted I could give you many anecdotes from my own experience of the sagacity, affection and gratitude of cats, even of the so-called common varieties. As it has never been my good fortune to possess a really fine cat a friend once gave me a Persian kitten, but it was shot by a mischievous boy before it reached me, his excuse being that he took it for a squirrel. Our cats are always treated as one of the family. They know their own names and those of the other cats. We talk to them in a sensible manner and it is really wonderful the intelligence that they exhibit. If people would only take the trouble to be as kind to cats as they are to dogs we should hear much less of their treachery and trickery. The poor cats have been so badly treated by the great majority for so many centuries that they are obliged to be suspicious of human beings, but when they are properly treated they respond at once, and no other animal shows such perfect love and trust as does a well-cared-for and petted cat.

MARY GLENNIE.

The Humming Bird.

NO sooner has the returning sun again introduced the vernal season and caused millions of plants to expand their leaves and blossoms to his genial beams than the little Humming Bird is seen advancing on Fairy Wings, carefully visiting every opening flower-cup, and, like a curious florist, removing from each the injurious insects that otherwise would, ere long, cause their beauteous petal to droop and decay. Poised in the air, it is observed, peeping continuously, and, with sparkling eyes, into their innermost recesses, while the ethereal motions of its pinions, so rapid and so light, appear to fan and cool the flower without injuring its fragile texture and produce a delightful murmuring sound, well adapted for lulling the insects to repose. Then is the moment for the Humming Bird to secure them. Its long, delicate bill enters the cup of the flower and the protruded, double-tubed tongue, delicately sensible and imbued with a glutinous saliva, touches each insect in succession and draws it from its lurking place, instantly to be swallowed. All this is done in a moment, and the bird, as it leaves the flowers, sips so small a portion of its liquid honey that the theft, we may suppose, is looked upon with a grateful feeling by the flower, which is thus kindly relieved from the attacks of its destroyer.

Its gorgeous throat in beauty and brilliancy baffles all competition. Now it glows with a fiery hue and again it is changed to the deepest velvety black. The upper parts of its delicate body are of resplendent changing green, and it throws itself through the air with a swiftness and vivacity hardly conceivable. It moves from one flower to another like a gleam of light—upwards, downwards; to the right, to the left.

THE 1903 Year Book of the Texas Division U. D. C. has been received, and much interesting material is found in its 118 pages. The pictures of the officers and chairmen of standing committees seem to put one in close touch with the noble women who are making the Texas Division of so much value in Confederate work.

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MISSISSIPPI FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

This Department is official, and will be continued monthly.
Address all communications for Mississippi to Mrs. Ed. C. Coleman,
Kosciusko, *Manager*.

List of Officers.

President—Mrs. Mattie Hardy Lott, Meridian.
Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Annie M. Wright, Jackson, Miss.; Mrs. Elizabeth A. Jones, Crystal Springs; Mrs. Henry Broach, Jr., Meridian, Miss.; Mrs. Stella H. Herman, Pontotoc, Miss.; Mrs. Ruth B. McDowell, Holly Springs; Mrs. Geo. Richardson, Macon, Miss.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. D. I. Sulton, Oxford.
Corresponding Secretary—Miss Blanch Alexander, Kosciusko.
Treasurer—Mrs. M. M. Todd, Crystal Springs.
Auditor—Mrs. Nannie McIver Crunk, Okolona.

Report of Chairman on Education.

AS soon as possible after I had been notified of my appointment as Chairman of the Educational Committee, I forwarded to each Federated Club printed Circulars containing suggestions for educational work. Since sending out these circulars I have again communicated with the Clubs, asking for a report of work done during the year, but seemingly there is very little interest felt in this subject of education, as only a few Clubs have responded.

The 20th Century Club, of Kosciusko, report their hearty co-operation and sympathy with the principal and teachers in all their efforts for the improvement of the public school. Visiting the school, giving entertainments in the chapel for the benefit of the library, and awakening the interest of the pupils in the beautifying of the school grounds, by offering prizes for the best kept flower beds, are some of the means used by this Club for the purpose of encouraging and supporting school work.

Through the influence of the New Century Club, of West Point, a collection of pictures was exhibited at the public school for the benefit of children. This Club expresses a hearty sympathy with the educational work which the Federation of Clubs proposes to do in the State.

The Woman's Club of Verona, the Progressive Literary Club of Natchez, and a few other Clubs, report their contribution to the Free Scholarship, and promise more interest and help in all lines of Club work during the coming year.

The Book Club, the Lainers, and the 20th Century Club of Okolona, are working to obtain a free school library.

The 20th Century Club are also collecting pictures, for the school, and have been instrumental in bringing an art collection to the town, which was exhibited at the public school building.

Of the six schools to which I have written asking for help in a free scholarship, two have responded favorably.

The Blue Mountain School gives a free tuition, the board and incidental expenses to be paid, the Oxford Woman's College gives both board and tuition, incidental expenses to be paid.

The Trustees and President of the I. I. and C. agree to do what they can to obtain a free scholarship in that Institution.

The cost of postage and paper used in correspondence, also the cost of the printed circulars, I donate, hoping that any money left over in the treasury may be used as a help in this work.

May we work more zealously in the coming year, and may all things tend to the good of and the widening of the influence of our organization.

MRS. NELLIE B. EZELL,
Chairman Educational Committee M. F. W. C.

MRS. TINA CLEMENT TODD (Mrs. M. M. Todd,) of Crystal Springs, the new treasurer of our Federation, is young and a handsome blonde. She is a fine business woman and a good club-worker. She grows beautiful palms and flowers. Her husband is a prosperous merchant. He is a steward in the Methodist Church and she is a faithful teacher in the Sunday-school.

MRS. ELIZABETH JONES, one of our vice-presidents, is the wife of Dr. R. E. Jones, who is well known throughout the State as an ex-president of the State Medical Association. Her charming daughter, who has been married recently, was directress of music in the Whitworth College. Mrs. Jones organized the Crystal Springs Floral Club and is a fine Club-woman. This club is famous for its beautiful chrysanthemum shows given each fall.

MISS BLANCHE ALEXANDER, who was recently elected corresponding secretary of the Mississippi Federation of Women's Clubs, possesses all the qualifications essential to that position, being a woman of rare executive ability and practical sense, combined with charming personality, broad culture and extensive education. She is now serving her second term as president of the Twentieth Century Club, of Kosciusko, and under her ideal administration this progressive body of women has taken a place in the front ranks of club workers in Mississippi.

From both her paternal and maternal ancestral lines Miss Alexander inherits characteristics which eminently fit her to be a leader among women.

Her father, Rev. J. H. Alexander, D. D., who for nearly half a century was pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Kosciusko, where he now resides, honored and loved by all who know him, is a descendant of a distinguished North Carolina family, three members of which were signers of the Mecklenberg Declaration of Independence.

Her mother came of the prominent Bingham family. The finest elements of noble womanhood were embodied in her beautiful character, and her works live after her in her sons and daughters, who are all filling their chosen places in the world in a manner befitting their lineage.

Two sons, the Hon. C. H. Alexander and Mr. Chalmers Alexander, of Jackson, have attained distinction at the Bar of Mississippi, and another son, Rev. W. A. Alexander, D. D., is a professor in the Presbyterian University at Clarksville, Tenn.

Several years ago Miss Alexander's mother passed to "the great beyond" and her young daughter assumed the duties laid down by her mother. The earnestness with which she has discharged them is a lasting honor to her. She is still the lovely mistress of the manse, where her father is passing a serene old age, tenderly watched over by this daughter who has demonstrated to the world that a woman can, at the same time, be a club-worker and home-maker and prove a success in each avocation.

DURING the last three weeks while the Mississippi Chautauqua Assembly was held in Crystal Springs it has claimed to be the educational hub of the State. There is no place to dispute the claim except Oxford with its fine Summer Normal with seven hundred and fifty teachers in attendance.

Mrs. Lily W. Thompson is the newly-elected president of the Crystal Springs Club and Miss Clara Jones is corresponding secretary.

This club is chartered and has furnished and owns stock in Hotel Chautauqua.

The members also grow decorative plants to be placed in the hotel, on the grounds and on the lecture stand. Last year five members had a long bridge built over one of the ravines which cost \$60. They made the money by entertainments.

THE Twentieth Century Club, of Kosciusko, will give the first three meetings in the fall to the study of American art, and then will take up the Bay View Course on Germany.

Mr. J. M. Hall, of Detroit, Mich., is manager of the fine Bay View Course.

THE Woman's Club, of Durant, Miss., claims the honor of being the first to take our State history as a course of study.

The set of reference books on this subject, bought by the club, will be given to the library of the Public School when the course is finished. After joining the State Historical Society and paying the \$2 membership dues the club also gets all of its new publications as soon as they are issued.

NORTH CAROLINA FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

This Department is Official, and will be continued monthly.
Address all communications for North Carolina to Miss Minnie Slocumb,
Goldsboro, *Manager*.

List of Officers.

President—Mrs. Lindsay Patterson, Winston-Salem.
First Vice-President, Mrs. W. R. Hollowell, Goldsboro.
Second Vice-President, Mrs. T. M. Pittman, Henderson.
Recording Secretary, Miss Mary Petty, Greensboro.
Corresponding Secretary, Miss Claytor Candler, Winston-Salem.
Treasurer, Mrs. H. R. Starbuck, Winston-Salem.

THE series of Tableaux and Dialogues arranged for the Sir Walter Raleigh entertainments to be given in Winston-Salem, Charlotte, Salisbury, Durham and Raleigh, by the North Carolina Club-women during the month of October, were the result of the study and Historical research of Mrs. Lindsay Patterson, the President of the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs. Mrs. Patterson has carefully and painstakingly prepared the outlines for this interesting and Historical entertainment, and the Club-women of North Carolina are arranging to carry out her plans with an attention to detail and artistic effect which will result in a most delightful series of entertainments.

North Carolina Sorosis.

THE first official organization in Winston-Salem was February 14, 1900. The following officers being elected: President, Mrs. T. G. Cozart; first vice-president, Mrs. J. W. Hanes; second vice-president, Mrs. T. L. Vaughn; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. E. S. Gray. The latter did not serve and Mrs. W. T. Carter has efficiently and faithfully filled the position since then.

The object of the club is the intellectual improvement of its members.

The first year American literature was taken up, the second, general topics.

At this period of its history a library, to be known as the Sorosis Circulating Library was started, each member donating a book, the secretary having charge of the library.

Miss Petty, of Greensboro, State secretary, has recently written to this club requesting such a library be started, not knowing of this first effort. It was decided that this old library form the nucleus for a new one, each member being requested to donate a book.

Last year a thorough study of the history of Italy from every standpoint was made. This year we are taking France.

During the Salem Centennial this, with several other local clubs, went into the State Federation, the first annual meeting being held in October last.

The work done by departmental clubs and the broad field open to woman was a revelation to many who considered themselves well posted in the work. Under Mrs. J. C. Burton, our president, and our capable executive committee, Sorosis is doing thorough conscientious work; our programs are strictly intellectual, no refreshments being allowed.

In a quiet, unobtrusive way the Sorosis is doing much for the intellectual advancement of its members, which is bound to influence more or less those who intimately come in contact with them.—ELDRIDGE.

THE City of Salem, N. C., has one of the most remarkable fire records in America. The town has a population of 3,700 people, is 137 years old, and during all this lapse of time has not only never had a conflagration but has never had a disastrous fire. This remarkable town has not only never had a disastrous fire, but has never had a fire when the loss exceeded \$750, except in three instances, two of which were tobacco prize-ries burned in the last ten years located close to the Winston line and occupied by Winston people. There was only one dwelling burned in Salem in over 100 years, dating from 1766. Salem has never had but one fire which got beyond the building in which it originated. On that occasion the fire started in a small tenement dwelling, worth about \$250, and burned an adjoining dwelling within twelve feet, of about the

same value, before the fire was got under control. During the first 127 years of the town's history, that is, up to ten years ago, the total property loss was less than \$2000. The above figures have been taken from carefully preserved records to be found in the town archives, and can be relied upon as accurate.

This town has had a system of inspection—to prevent fire—in operation now for 127 years, and this system seems to prove the value of any effort made to prevent fire.

What Three Women Did.

THIS is not a "Fairy Story," though it would seem like one. I saw "what" these women did with my own eyes, and heard the story from their lips and the lips of their neighbors.

These women, mother and two daughters, were poor, uneducated dwellers in the mountains of North Carolina. Rugged, stalwart farmers (at least the daughters) hardened to toil and exposure. Having no man in the family, they did the outdoor as well as indoor work, chopped the wood, ploughed the fields, milked the cows, &c., besides spending the evenings and bad days in spinning wool, and weaving (hand loom) blankets. The house consists of one room. One-half space for fire-place and cooking utensils, the other holding two "four-posters," neatly covered with the blankets and counterpanes of their own manufacture. The loom, when not "set up" for use, was hoisted up overhead on the rafters. One door, and opposite that one window (minus glass) let in all the light and (exceedingly cold) air. They are kept open even in extreme cold weather, as otherwise the inmates would be in darkness.

Now comes the remarkably unheard of proceeding. These poor women two years ago had no place they could call "home," they did not own a foot of land or stick of timber. They were determined to have a home. As they were honest, hard-working people, someone was found willing to sell them two acres of wooded land, on terms of easy payments, at \$25 per acre. They then went to work to *chop and fell the trees*, and get sufficient number of logs for their purpose. They then, by the promise of a plentiful dinner of "pork and cabbage," procured the assistance of several men to help "raise" the house and cover it. The women "chinked" the cracks between the logs with mud, built the chimney with rocks and mud, secured rough planks enough from a mill for the flooring, to be paid for in (manual labor) their spare moments. What furniture the house contained seemed to be home-made. The day I saw them it was Sunday; they were feeling very happy, as they had the day previous paid off the last dollar on *their little "farm,"* and now could call it their *own*. When I saw what, without *any* advantages, these women had accomplished, I thought, "Had their environment been different, had they been born in a different sphere, with all the chances for cultivation of mind and manners, combined with their stubborn determination to conquer difficulties and overcome obstacles, what might they *not* have done!"

Charleston, S. C.

MRS. T. S. REEVES.

IN these days, when so much is being said of the material progress of the South, it is most encouraging to notice the interest being shown in that section in the collection and publication of local Historical data. Through the generosity of Mr. James Sprunt, of Wilmington, N. C., the University of North Carolina is publishing, from time to time, some most valuable Historical Monographs on North Carolina History. There have been three publications in the series already issued; No. 1 containing "Personnel of the Convention of 1861," by John Gilchrist McCormick, A. B., and "Legislation of the Convention of 1861," by Dr. Kemp P. Battle, a member of that Convention and Alumni Professor of History in the University of North Carolina. Monograph No. 2 contains, "The Congressional Career of Nathaniel Macon," by Edwin Mood Wilson, with notes by Dr. K. P. Battle, while Monograph No. 3 contains a series of letters of Nathaniel Macon, John Steel and William Barry Grove, with sketches and notes by Dr. Battle. These publications are valuable contributions to the history of North Carolina, and should be in the libraries of all students of American history, as they throw many interesting side-lights on the history of one of the most interesting of the "Original Thirteen States," and one of the Confederate States which made a tremendous contribution to that momentous struggle. North Carolina history has not received from the outside world all the consideration in the past that it is entitled to, and these publications by native North Carolinians, who are a part of the history of their great State, will be important factors in placing North Carolina historically where she should be. (Published by the University Chapel Hill, N. C.)

THE ceremonies at Harvard Commencement this year were more exact than usual. The idea is to bring Harvard more into the plane of European universities, where the costumes worn by the graduates and alumni are as significant as the uniforms of the army and navy. The Commencement procession this year was restricted for the alumni to graduates of twenty years standing and for the officers of instruction—only professors, assistant-professors and members of the faculty. The cap and gown was generally worn, and this year directions in regard to its texture, cut, etc., were regularly prescribed. The lowest degrees—A. B., S. B.—were allowed black worsted gowns with pointed sleeves, while A. M. and S. M. degrees wore silk or worsted gowns with long closed sleeves, etc. The school in which each degree is given was designated on all gowns by a double crow's foot placed in each side in front near the collar, and the color designates the schools as follows: Arts, white; science, gold-yellow; philosophy, dark blue; medicine, green; law, purple; theology, scarlet; honorary LL. D. and D. D., a triple crow's foot. Hoods and caps were of prescribed shape and length, while candidates for degrees wore the gown on the day of their presentation, but not the hood. Thus we see the ceremonial adding to the interest and charm of the collegiate life and insignia becoming of value for the expression of work accomplished.

IT is interesting to note the character of the buildings that will represent the three greatest European nations at the World's Fair in St. Louis.

The British National Pavilion at the World's Fair will be a reproduction of the Orangery or Banquet Hall of the Kensington Palace in Kensington Gardens, London.

The plans for the German National Pavilion at the World's Fair have been completed and submitted to the director of works, Isaac S. Taylor, for approval. It has been the endeavor of the German Government to keep the architecture of the building in harmony with the Exposition buildings in the immediate vicinity. The pavilion will be a fairly accurate reproduction of the central portion of the Royal Castle at Charlottenburg, near Berlin. This old castle occupies a conspicuous place in the history of German architecture. It was built about the end of the 17th Century for and under the direction Frederick I., first King of Prussia.

In the pavilion the ground floor will be used for reading, writing, office and reception purposes. The second floor has been set aside for purposes of representation. It will embrace an actual reproduction of the state rooms of the Castle of Charlottenburg. These rooms will be fitted up with precious old furniture, Goeblins and silver ornaments, the products of bygone days. In a separate building, but connected with it, will be a restaurant and a "Kneipstube," a combination of smoking room, drinking room, restaurant and fraternal society lodge room. This subsidiary building will harmonize completely with the architecture of the main structure, and will be connected with it by an alley.

Work on the French National Pavilion, a reproduction of the Grand Trianon at Versailles, France, will be begun soon at the World's Fair.

IN the South the compress and cotton business is a most important one, and one which requires experience and application. Jackson, Miss., boasts of a girl, Miss A. C. Shingleur, who is actively engaged in connection with the compress company of that city. She was brought in connection with this business through her association with her father, and after his death—for seven years—has successfully kept the books of this large company, and has helped her brother conduct a cotton-buying business. She is familiar with the details of the business and yet has had time to keep up her reading, is a fine horsewoman, sailor and shot, and an all-around good athlete.

A CURE for the Morphine Habit has been used by Dr. Margaret S. Halleck, of the New York State Reformatory for Women, with great success. It is a combination of strychnine, hyacinine and codeine which she has used on some of the inmates of the Reformatory with perfect results.


Book Reviews.

[Any book reviewed in this column may be obtained through The Keystone at the publishers' price.]

THOMAS NELSON PAGE'S new novel, "*Gordon Keith*," is already the great success of the season. The first edition of 50,000 copies went so quickly that the second edition was on the press about the time the book was published. The story is of great scope, and reminds one of Thackeray's complicated plots and detailed developments of character. The master hand is ever present, and every page holds our keenest interest. The scene includes New York City and Virginia; the period extends from the close of the War between the States down to the present time; the hero is a Virginian, the heroine, a New York girl. There are many types of character, all well handled. The descriptions of the old time Country Southern Gentleman, the buoyant, determined modern Southern young man, the Virginia country life, are all true to nature and are closely contrasted with the modern metropolitan business man and society life in New York City. With this book, as in "*Red Rock*," Mr. Page shows that he is as gifted in handling a complex novel as he is in telling a short story. (Cloth, \$1.50.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City.

"WHEN PATTY WENT TO COLLEGE," by Jean Webster, is a bright, amusing story, just the thing to pick up during these summer days. The author shows in every page that she was a *College girl*, and has succeeded so well with her College atmosphere that she really takes her reader into — College. Some of the incidents are so very true to life that they all but tell the name of the College where "*Patty*" has so many experiences. Miss Webster shows the various types that one meets in College, the class room, experiences with professors, the ingenuity of the girls in preparations for Founders, and for Plays, their executive ability in furnishing their rooms; in fact many sides of a girl's College life. The book is a series of incidents full of wit and humor, and remarkable repartee, rather than a novel with a plot. It is light, easy reading, and is told in such a free, conversational manner that it will prove very entertaining for a summer piazza, if read aloud. (Cloth, \$1.50.) The Century Co. New York City.

"THE WISDOM OF THE FOOLISH AND THE FOLLY OF THE WISE," by Minna Thomas Antrun, is a bright collection of witty aphorisms quite in keeping with "*Naked Truths and Veiled Allusions*" by the same author. Most of the sayings are somewhat cynical, but each has a point bearing on the worldly side of life. The author reads all classes of men and women as they really are. (Cloth, 50 cents.) Henry Altamus Company, Philadelphia, Penn.



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"ROUND ANVIL ROCK," by Nancy Houston Banks, is a fascinating novel, full of daring deeds, bold adventure and romantic incident. The scene is laid in Kentucky during the days of its early settlement, and we are given many vivid pictures of the primitive life of those times. The author loves her native State, and gives us varied glimpses into its natural beauties and wonders, especially in descriptions of the *Ohio* and *The Wilderness*. She pays a high tribute to the Sisters of Charity, and makes "Philip Alston" stand out as a loveable character in his home and among those he loves, although a much suspected man in the affairs of State. "Ruth," the heroine, is a truly beautiful character, and "Paul Colbert," the young doctor, who relieves the suffering from the *cold plague*, is worthy of her in all his relations in life. Every character is well drawn, and stands out as a reality, and "Miss Penelope" making her coffee over the fire; the "widow Broadnax" always sitting among her cushions by the fire, and "David" always dreaming, are as much a part of "Cedar House" and its life as are "Ruth" and "Philip Alston." It is undoubtedly one of the most interesting and satisfying books of the year. (Cloth, \$1.50.) The Macmillan Company, New York City.

"PEGGY O'NEALE" by Alfred Henry Lewis, is attracting considerable attention, as the author has chosen a unique character in history for his heroine. *Peggy O'Neale*, the wife of Secretary Eaton, of Andrew Jackson's Cabinet, has had very little written about her, and while formerly considering her a mere incident in American history, we are led in this volume to place to her credit the great displeasure and ill-feeling that Jackson held against Calhoun. In fact, the tavern-keeper's daughter, who came at last to be the hostess at Jackson's table, disrupted a Cabinet, changed History, and sowed the seed of War. Instead of causing us to love or admire or even sympathize with President Jackson's favorite, we see all her weaknesses, realize that all her friends were men, with no women in their families and we are made to feel that all the affairs of State were run to suit the whims of Jackson's personal friends rather than for the welfare of the Nation. The story treats of the incidents happening in Washington during the period when Eaton was in Jackson's Cabinet. All of Jackson's peculiarities are vividly portrayed, his tremendous will power, and his devotion to his wife's memory, but the author does not make new friends for the crusty old General. The story is told in a delightful conversational style, and is fascinating reading even to the friends of Calhoun, who are made all the more loyal to him by learning more about the faults and weaknesses of his bitter old antagonist. The frontispiece is a lovely miniature portrait of *Peg*, whom we must consider very beautiful of face, although we cannot admire or praise her character. Several illustrations by Henry Hutt add to the attraction of the volume. (Cloth, \$1.50.) Drexel, Biddle & Co., Philadelphia, Penn.

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"THE CONQUEST," by Eva Emery Dye, promises to be a valuable addition to American history, as it is the true story of the adventures encountered by Meriwether Lewis and William Clark on their famous expedition out to the Pacific coast. The author shows us Thomas Jefferson as Governor and President, and dwells quite at length on the details incident to the Louisiana Purchase. She recognizes Jefferson's influence in this acquisition, and considers his genius responsible for this wonderful and far-reaching expedition through this newly acquired territory. The narrative begins with the active life of George Rogers Clark, the explorer's eldest brother, and ends with William Clark's death in 1838, after he had been at the head of Indian affairs of the nation for a full generation. This covers the settlement of the United States from the tide-waters of the Old Dominion to the extreme northwestern corner of its boundaries, and enables Mrs. Dye to bring into the scope of her work all the deeds of the Nation for a period extending over sixty-seven of its most vital years. As a result, the story has the sweep and swing of an epic poem. (Cloth, \$1.50.) A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"MY CAPTIVE," by Joseph A. Asheler, is one of the most interesting and spirited books of the season. It has such an action and dash about it that it holds one's attention to such a degree that it can be easily read at one sitting. The scene is laid in the Piedmont section of South Carolina during the Revolutionary War. The hero is one of Morgan's men, while the heroine is a brave English girl, the daughter of one of Tarleton's dragoons. Every page is filled with the daring adventures that happen to this couple in their attempts to get to Morgan's camp through hostile red-coats. The development of the love affair is very artistic, and relieves the tension caused by following midnight encounters and hand-to-hand conflicts. The author was born in Kentucky during the War between the States, and is now a successful newspaper man in New York City. The writing of books for boys was his first successful literary venture, and he has since written nearly a dozen novels, each with increasing popularity. (Cloth, \$1.25.) D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

"NESTLINGS OF FOREST AND MARSH," by Irene Grosvenor Wheelock, is one of the most enjoyable Nature books. The author knows the birds and loves them, and tells us about them in the most conversational way, giving each specimen a real individuality, and causing a real interest in the life and habits of birds. The book is beautifully illustrated with numerous photographs which add considerably to the attraction of the volume. It may be called a popular natural history, which will please as well as instruct. (Cloth, \$1.20.) A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.

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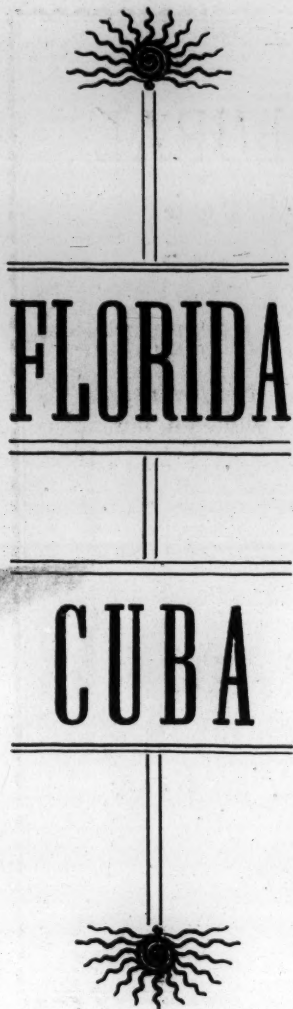
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